

Rochester, Oct. 22, 1858.

Dear Wife:

I take Susan B. Anthony's pen in hand ^{to} ~~inform~~ ^{know} you ^{that} I am well, and hearty as a buck, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

On arriving here last evening, (Thursday,) at half past 8 o'clock, I found friends Post, Aaron M. Powell, Susan and her brother, waiting to greet me at the depot; and jumping into a vehicle, with Susan and Aaron, was driven out to Mr. Anthony's country residence, (a very neat and pretty one,) about three miles from the city, where we all sat down to a late, but excellent supper — not retiring to rest till eleven o'clock. Susan's father and mother are away on a journey. Aaron has been here for the last seven weeks, preaching every Sunday to the Unitarians, in their church — a singular fact. I believe his ministrations have been very acceptable. Next Sunday he gives his farewell discourse. His health, he says, has decidedly improved since he has been here, though he still looks delicate. He tells me Lizzie has been appointed school teacher at Ghent, near their residence. She is at present in Albany, at Lydia Mott's, where I expect to be on Tuesday evening.

Susan is looking very well, and sends any amount of affectionate regard ^{to} you, desiring me to say to you how much she ^{int}would delight to have you here at this time. Should I be still more delighted? And am I not feebly happier and happier as the time for my being at home approaches nearer and nearer? Most assuredly.

My lecture at Cleveland was almost a failure as to attendance - not more than a hundred and fifty being present. It began to rain (my usual luck) about an hour before meeting time, and has rained from that time till now, and is still raining, the weather being mild, but the atmosphere so foggy that nothing is visible beyond a few rods. Very little notice was given of the meeting, so that the great mass of the people knew nothing about it. It is absurd to attempt to hold a meeting under such circumstances. However, those who were present seemed to be much pleased, and I trust some good was done, however limited. Among my auditors was A. E. Newton, the editor of the New England Spiritualist, who is on a lecturing tour out West in behalf of Spiritualism. He told me that he had recently parted company with Henry C. Wright, but I do not remember where he said Henry was going.

At Buffalo, one or two hundred rowdies and vagabonds came on in the train to Rochester, having been over to the Canada side to see the brutal prize fight between Morrissey and Heenan; but they occupied cars by themselves, as their company was unendurable.

To-day there will be great excitement in this city, growing out of the execution of Ira Stout for the murder of his brother-in-law. Military companies are ordered out to prevent a rescue, but this is ridiculous, as all the ruffianism in the city is clamorous for the hanging of Stout.

I had a letter, last evening, from Saml. J. May, expressing regret that I must go to Portland on Saturday and Sunday, but wishing me to dine with him on Saturday, on my way to C. I shall do so, and return to Syracuse Monday, ~~that~~ ~~evening~~ to lecture that evening.

The weather has been so mild that I have had no occasion for my shawl; and glad am I that I did not take my overcoat. It would have been a sweltering incumbrance.

I am not to speak publicly, either at Albany or Springfield, as circumstances pertaining to the State election are unfavorable; so that I shall get plenty of rest.

I am gratified to hear that the new furnace works well, though if the weather ^{has been} ~~is~~ in Boston what it has been in Ohio, you must have had little occasion for a furnace fire.

I had some washing done - a dozen ^{in Salem,} pieces - but every one of the shirts was badly smocked on the bosom, and it was throwing away seventy-five cents in paying for it. But I shall get along pretty well till I get home.

It is not improbable that I may not be able to get back from Birmingham to Northampton, on Monday, Nov. 1st, in season to connect with the train, and get home that evening. Should I fail to do so, do not be uneasy; as you may confidently look for me on Tuesday. Nevertheless, I hope to embrace ^{you all} at tea-time on Monday evening.

It is a great comfort to me to have ~~them~~ ^{me.} daguerreotypes of yourself and the children with ~~them~~. I must not travel any distance from home without them. Besides, they are examined with great interest by all the friends.

Aaron sends his kindest remembrances to you and the children.

Salute Fanny and Franky each morning with a kiss for my sake. A father's love for Willey and Wendy. Adieu, love! W. L. G.